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The Onlooker

A Monthly Review of Current
Events—Canadian and General

Vol. I—No. I

APRIL, 1920

Price—20c.

Not Party  The People

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FOREWORD

Forty years ago the late Professor Goldwin Smith founded *The Bystander* as his personal organ. His object was not to make money, but to place an unpurchasable pen at the service of his adopted country. In this noble object he was aided and abetted by the late George Maclean Rose. To celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the firm, the Hunter-Rose Company have decided to revive *The Bystander* under the name of *The Onlooker*, in the belief that an organ of independent criticism is sadly needed at this particular time, and that their venture will meet with public approval and support.

The Bystander, in its day, was a great power for righteousness. It exercised a restraining force. Desire of political preferment or notoriety never entered into the mind of the great genius and profound scholar who founded it. Its chief value was its entire independence and its lofty aim. It made history; and, in fact, a history of Canada from 1880 onwards cannot be written without constant reference to its brilliant pages.

Unfortunately, the obsession that the annexation of Canada to the United States was inevitable, and would, in the end, prove beneficial to both parties, marred its pages: though, in his last years, Professor Smith maintained that he had been grievously misunderstood, and that all he had intended to convey was that a vast union of all the Anglo-Saxon peoples was necessary to the good of each unit and of the entire world.

To-day, annexation is not even thought of. Canadians have nothing but good wishes for our neighbour to the south; but as a result of their own great achievements in commerce, manufacturing, art and education, have arrived at a full national self-consciousness, and a clear envisagement of their mighty potentialities as a separate unit in the vast, far-flung congeries of nationalities known as the British Empire. For good or evil, they have at last taken, in the boldest way, the risks of a world-wide responsibility. It was inevitable, since responsibility must march with growth.

As *The Bystander* was, in the old days of fierce party conflicts which surged and eddied around the question of Free-trade versus Protection, so *The Onlooker* will strive to be in these times, when the real danger consists in confused thinking on the part of the multitude, in cheap compromises, in a feeble, tied press, in the exaltation of selfish class interests. One almost sighs at times for the old rough and tumble, with its picturesque personalities, its boisterous humour, its fervid note of loyalty to the great mother of us all. But the past has vanished, save as its pale phantoms live in history. We are at the beginning of a new era, and must assume responsibilities that are simply crushing. There is need for an organ to-day, as never before in the history of Canada, that shall boldly place on its title-page the motto which Goldwin Smith chose for his private venture into the troubled sea of Canadian politics, forty years ago:—

Not Party-The People.

FROM THE FIRST ISSUE OF "THE BYSTANDER," 1880

"The idea that political party has a universal and perpetual basis in difference of temperament is absurd in itself, because no such sharp division of temperaments exists; and it is belied by the whole history of faction, which shows that the bond commonly speaking is one not of temperament, but of interest or connection. A great movement, no doubt, attracts the young and sanguine, while it repels the cautious and the phlegmatic; but great movements are the exception. As a rule, where a State is divided into factions, you will find a mixture of temperaments, as well as of ages and sexes, on both sides; and on both sides you will find violence and roguery in the ascendant, and their ascendancy growing more complete the longer the reign of faction lasts. As a matter of course, each party proclaims, and perhaps persuades itself, that its public morality is infinitely superior to that of its antagonist; but the *onlooker* sees that they are all of the same blood, brought up under the same influences, identical in their rules of private conduct; and that, in public life, they pursue precisely the same objects by the same means. The party in power is the more corrupt, only because it has in its hands the instruments of corruption; the party out of power boasts the purity to which an adverse fortune has for the time condemned it.

"Politicians of the higher class among ourselves, while they pensively bow to party as a necessity, protest against its narrowness, its tyranny, its unreasonableness, its calumnious virulence. The necessity is imaginary; the protest is the voice of the future. Not division, mutual hatred, exclusion of half the citizens from the service of the country in the fancied interest of the other half, surrender of the political conscience into the hands of unscrupulous wire-pullers for the sake of organizing a party victory; but concord and co-operation for the common good, are the natural and normal state of a civilized nation. Out of government by faction we must in the end find our way, if we wish to avoid political ruin. From it, in the end, we shall be delivered, partly through the teachings of dire experience and the reaction of the better mind of the community against the excesses of dishonesty and corruption; partly through the growth of intelligence, the advance of the scientific spirit, and the increasing strength of commercial interests, which faction always threatens with disaster. The leaders of our commerce already have shown a tendency to stand aloof from a game in which they and the industries represented by them can only be the losers, and on all occasions to cast an independent vote for the country.

"For the present, however, the system exists. We must take it as it is, and adjust it to our judgment of public acts, and of public men, making allowance for its exigencies, unhappy as we may think them, yet without ceasing to look upwards to a better rule of action, and forwards to the hope of a national government."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

There is a subtle propaganda going on which has as its obvious purpose the booming of Sir Thomas White for the Premiership. An important party organ of a recent date, came out boldly with an editorial which was simply grotesque in laudation of his great achievements as Finance Minister. Among solid and thoughtful men there exist grave doubts as to the wisdom of the policies inaugurated by Sir Thomas White. One would gather from the way some of his admirers talk that he, and he alone, was responsible for the success of the various loans issued during the war. He had it easy. The country was literally bursting with money seeking investment. One could almost have raised it with his eyes shut. The whole community was humming with activity like a top asleep; and still the orders from abroad came pouring in. Every fresh loan stimulated activity anew. All that was required was to issue the prospectus, pass the solicitation of funds to interested canvassers, newspapers, publications, loan companies, banks, brokers, and hurrah at the end. There is no genius about this sort of thing. It has been done thousands of times. An absolutely safe security, carrying a high rate of interest, is always sure of over-subscription. In the glow and enthusiasm of the war we did not stop to ask ourselves if the rate offered (5 to 5½% tax free) was too high, the method of flotation extravagant, the compensation paid (½ of 1%) outrageous. Save among the outlawed and abandoned middle classes money was flowing like a mill stream. "Let the future pay!" was the slogan. To their everlasting credit, some financial institutions refused to accept any compensation whatsoever. Had their example been followed, and the rate put at 4½%, tens of millions would have been saved and our credit would have stood really higher, rising with our character for true sacrifice. But what sacrifice was involved in buying a security the solidest on earth, and one of the most profitable? In order to demonstrate financial genius of a high order, Sir Thomas White should have stayed by his post and faced the grim task of reconstruction. He did not do so, preferring the quieter and less complicated problems of ordinary business. He got from under and retired to private life, and his interpretation of his own limitations should be accepted as final.

Moreover, Sir Thomas White has absolutely no claim upon the premiership. To put it bluntly, he does not measure up to its requirements. For one thing, he has not had the necessary parliamentary experience, and for another, he is profoundly distrusted by the Conservatives; and the Conservative party will have to be considered in any question of the premiership. He was invited to step into a financial aeroplane by a group of—shall we say disinterested and admiring friends?—and was wafted to Ottawa and placed in charge of the country's finances. The manner of his appointment was reprehensible and unprecedented. He left Toronto a Liberal and woke up in Ottawa a Conservative. Strange metamorphosis! He had never been in parliament; outside of financial circles he was but little known; the country had made no wild demand for his services; yet, suddenly, overnight he is found in office. It is safe to say that never again at the solicitation of any outside group will a minister of finance be appointed, or any other kind of a minister. The organ in question mistakes for the voice of the people "The wolf's long cry from Oonalaska's shore."

We now come to the Canadian Northern arbitration—his principal contribution to Canadian history. What is an arbitration? It results from a dispute. Who was disputing? This octopus grew vast in silence. It reached out tentacles everywhere. Nobody asked for it; nobody knew much about it; in the beginning nobody seemed to care. Branch lines, local sections, spurs were constructed utterly unrelated to each other. Gradually it came to assume formidable dimensions. The West was rapidly filling up, and there was an orgy of expenditure. There was no thought of the morrow, but the morrow came. It came like a crashing thunderbolt, and it came before the awful cataclysm of war. To be exact, it came in 1911-1912. Finally, one fine day in 1917, the people of Canada woke up to a realization of the fact that they had a huge, sprawling, hastily-built transcontinental system on their hands, and must either abandon the enterprise to the bondholders, or take it over and save the good name of Canadian banking credit. It was elected to take it over. The brutal fact is it *had* to be taken over. But why should the slightest consideration have been shown to the keen contractors who practically wished a railway on Canada? It was a risk, a gamble, and in the end they lost, as shrewd judges of finance knew they must.

But to return to the arbitration so-called! The terms set forth by Sir Thomas White were that the amount to be awarded for control, i.e., for the stock, should not exceed ten millions. We all remember the proceedings and the enormous fees. It would be idle to rehearse them. The point to bear in mind is that ten millions (with certain valuable reservations which the syndicate claimed as private) was the final award. Why was the arbitration, with its enormous expenses, held at all? Why was not the amount of ten millions odd just paid out over the counter, so to say? We paid ten millions for almost a half-billion of liabilities. We have the road, and the deficit this year will run into millions.

The constructors of the Canadian Northern were not entitled to the slightest consideration. They were contractors and promoters pure and simple, who worked "on their own," and, in the end, lost. What they made out of construction (and they had the game in their own hands) will probably never be known, any more than it will be known where the ten millions ultimately went. But guessing is free, and the people of Canada are no longer fools and blind. What is instantly needed is a drastic amendment to the B.N.A. Banking Act, limiting under stern penalties the amount that any one bank or group of banks shall be allowed to advance to any one individual or group of individuals, in the form either of a syndicate or corporation. Sir Thomas White would be well advised to retire to private life, to those circles where his great business shrewdness is "as the oil that flowed down Aaron's beard even unto the skirts of his garment." But he has not the qualities required for the leadership of a great historic party—the organ in question and vulgar, shrieking advertisements to the contrary. The Conservatives don't want him; the Liberals, split into warring factions, won't have him on any terms. And should they be blamed? The premier should be the free, spontaneous choice of the members of parliament, and of them alone.

That the public may clearly understand the Canadian Northern *imbroglio*, and that they may never again be led or hoodwinked into such folly, it may be salutary to restate the actual facts. There never was an undertaking just like it, and it is safe to say there never will be again. It was largely built out of the proceeds of bonds guaranteed by the Western Provinces. Practically no stock was ever issued to the public. It was all closely held by Mackenzie, Mann & Co. and their associates. This stock conferred upon them the absolute financial control of the bondholders' money. They, and they alone, constructed the road. The money received from the sale of the bonds they paid to themselves as the constructors of the road—no doubt at a profit. They had it coming and going. How, indeed, could they possibly lose, since the whole question of net costs was for them to determine? They had to account to no one but themselves, i.e., to the Canadian Northern Railway Company—and they were the Canadian Northern Railway. But, as events proved, they bit off more than they could chew, and around 1911-1912, there was a sudden halt, and all the financial cards were forced upon the table. The war had nothing to do with this momentous crisis, as every banker in Canada knows. The bridging of this chasm was done in secrecy, but it was bridged, and the credit of Canada was saved. But had things gone *per schedule* a small group of men, practically monopolizing all the stock, would have been in complete control of a road which they themselves had built with other people's money. Such a state of affairs ought never to have been allowed. Who allocated the stock in question? It was never offered openly to the public as was, e.g., the stock of the C.P.R. It was voted—by whom?—to whom? It is but simple justice to say that these keen-witted railway men saw their chance and took it. The blame for the whole miserable mess in the beginning must be shouldered by the Liberal party; and especially by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Canadian Northern Railway began, flourished, and virtually ended as a going concern during his long tenure of office. Nor can the Conservative party escape just condemnation. Had the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden declined to have anything whatever to do with this ill-fated, purely private enterprize when he went into office, instead of having three transcontinental lines we should only have had two; British Columbia would have been solvent; and almost exactly parallel competing lines would never have been built. From Portage la Prairie, via Saskatoon, to Edmonton, a distance of over six hundred miles, the C.P.R., G.T.P. and the Canadian Northern run virtually side by side, and in some cases cross each other—an outrageous waste of construction. "Courage always pays." But it is the people of Canada who, in the last analysis, are to blame. In a time of general greed for money, and riotous extravagance, many reprehensible things in individuals and corporations are condoned (if apparently successful) because, and this is the true pathos of it, all, from the highest to the lowest, are tarred with the same stick. But it is the sacred function of those in power to safeguard the people's rights, and especially the rights of the foreign investors. The Conservative government had a mess, not of its own making, on its hands in 1912, but it should have "played off its own bat," and sternly ignored all private selfish pleadings. Had it done so, and taken

the people frankly into its confidence, hundreds of millions would have been saved, unnecessary lines would never have been gone on with, a preposterous arbitration, with its heavy costs, would have been avoided, and our faith in its honesty would have been heightened. It was a great opportunity neglected; for the chance to prove that, as a people, we are clean and honest was lost. Politically, Mackenzie, Mann & Co. knew no party. Members on both sides of the House had precisely the same value in their eyes. Their business was to carry out their designs, and their moral technique was the exact expression of their characters.

Are we blaming Mackenzie, Mann & Co. for all this? Certainly not! They saw a chance and took it. The chance, however, ought never to have been allowed. They were in the business of building railways, not for philanthropic but for strictly business reasons. That such a gigantic undertaking should have emanated from a single human brain is marvellous enough. Such men seem driven by some fury to attain more and more. They are never to be satisfied till the springs of life dry up. Sir William Mackenzie is of the breed of colossal projectors on the purely material plane. We may admit all this. Only the fact remains that, as a result of his gigantic scheming, we now find ourselves with an obligation of half a billion of dollars and an impending deficit on account of national railways of close on to fifty millions for 1920-21. We cannot afford to give such men a free hand: they come too high. Transcontinental railways are the Government's business, and should not be within the grasp of private individuals. Then, to be sure, there is the G.T.R., and what the end of all this will be no one dare prophesy.

The Hon. Mr. Crerar is a remarkable phenomenon in contemporary politics. It is hard to say just what he wants. He is but a name to Ontario, and not popular among the members of the U.F.O. He represents what is anathema to them—the big middleman in the grain business who has succeeded in combining politics and profit. It is a curious situation, when you come to think of it. The Grain Growers' Association is a sort of co-operative business organization, the object of which is, of course, to get all in the way of cash that is coming to it. That is entirely honorable, and no one can possibly object to it. Nor is it anybody's particular business what salaries are paid to its officials. Too much may be made of this. But here arises a serious question—serious for the whole of Canada. Ought an organization, avowedly formed to make money and divide profits, to go into politics? If so, why should not the members of the Manufacturers' Association form themselves into a definite party and go into politics also? It has as much right to do so as the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association, the trade unions, or the U.F.O. But what a howl would be raised if it were unpatriotic enough to attempt it!

Mr. Crerar is filling the welkin in his immediate vicinity with a demand for his own personal (very personal) brand of free-trade—and an income tax. One wonders where his money is invested. If in the United States it would, to be sure, be safe under free-trade, and even enhance greatly in value. If in Canada, let him pause in his wild career and hold his horses. Does he imagine that, as a result of his shrieking, the hard, ruthless, selfish

business men of the United States will abolish the tariff? They propose to do nothing of the sort. The Republicans will soon have every megaphone (human and mechanical) in the country grinding out in strident tones, "Protect America against the pauper labor of Europe!" The revision of the tariff—and it is coming—will be upward to the stars. Sore, dissatisfied, distraught on account of the Peace Treaty *fiasco* and the awful demoralization of industrial life through government mismanagement, the people of the United States are in no mood to engage in economic experiments. The home fires look good to them. In the bluntest way, Mr. Glass, the late Secretary of the Treasury, has told Europe to get to work, create values, and so become possessed of the hard cash which shall enable them to buy what America has to sell. Mr. Glass is no humanitarian; but he exactly represents the present mood and temper of the American people to whom the very word Europe is anathema.

What, indeed, is the use of howling about free-trade with a debt of two billions and vast new expenditures already looming up? Were we to take such a wild plunge, within three months we would all be bankrupts—the farmers among the rest. Let the United States go free-trade and we will quickly enough meet them schedule for schedule. We would be, indeed, fools not to exchange a market of nine millions for one of one hundred and ten—to say nothing of the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico! But they have no intention of doing so, and Mr. Crerar may just as well "save his breath to cool his porridge."

The fact is, under free-trade, the farmer would soon be worse off than he is now; and it is easy to prove it. Our manufacturers undersold (as they would be), they would quickly be gobbled up by the "big interests" of the United States. At first, no doubt, the agriculturists would buy various limited necessities cheaply; but the moment complete control should be established up would go the price of everything far beyond the present levels. Still further, suppose there should be a plethora of hogs, cattle, grain, fruit, in the United States and only an average crop in Canada, what could hinder the American farmer flooding the country with his surplus? Free-trade means free-trade. You cannot have it coming and going.

Now, as to the income tax! Income tax looks nasty to the farmer at all times. He has, thus far, successfully evaded it. He must be made to pay more. No one in his senses believes that a paltry half a million for the whole Dominion represents his just dues. Even under the tariff he gets off lighter than anyone else. A single big manufacturing plant not infrequently pays more cash revenue to the Government than some of the purely rural counties. The picture of the ruined farmer warming his toil-stained hands over the smouldering remains of the last out-house which he has been forced to demolish in order to keep from freezing is, in view of the fat prosperity he is at present enjoying, a trifle absurd. At present he is a living commentary on the text, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." But it is safe to say that after the presentation of his first income tax bill under free-trade there would be "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Once would be enough; and back we would go, not merely to protection, but to protection with bells on it. There is a homely French proverb which our rural friends would do well to ponder, "A barbe de fol, on apprend à raire"—the barber learns his trade on the fool's beard.

The country may not know it, but Mr. Crerar met his Waterloo at the U.F.O. convention in Toronto last winter. He came on prepared to "fire the heather," and discovered, to his surprise, that the Ontario yeomen would have nothing whatever to do with him. His neatly drawn resolution endorsing the Grain Growers' Association was hurriedly withdrawn after an angry bout of recrimination, and he went away a sadder, but, alas! not a wiser man. The Ontario agriculturist knows the difference between a real farmer and a clever manipulator of the grain industry. The Hon. Mr. Crerar is an exploded fallacy in politics. He is confused in his thinking, unstable in his loyalty, and narrowly commercial and sectarian in his instincts. In all his speeches there is not a single scrap of evidence that goes to prove a quiet mastery of economic laws. He completely ignores the existence of the average consumer, and the very word manufacturer seems to be distasteful to him on principle.

The Hon. MacKenzie King has made his *debut* as leader of the opposition. The darling of the old Grit gods has shown his cards; and we trust his mentor, Mr. Lapointe and the Quebec Nationalists who made him, are satisfied. When Sir George Foster rose to reply to his feeble, captious remarks it was at once seen that he was but soft clay in the hands of the potter. A brilliant, statesmanlike speech would have placed him high in the regard of his followers; but his feeble, almost querulous utterance was fatal. The truth is, the Hon. MacKenzie King has no constructive programme. He is groping in the dark. He never mentioned the tariff. Why? He was silent on labor. Born and bred in the school of political opportunism, he is true to his training. Of such stuff statesmen are not made. A statesman is one who dwells in that far country where eternal principles are of more importance than policies—important as policies sometimes are.

His resolution that the present House should be dissolved and a new election precipitated was, of course, absurd. The Union Government is the only strong rock of defence that stands between the country and the wildest political anarchy. All sensible men understand this. It might be described as a band of patriots and loyalists who, having carried the country through a terrible crisis, are determined to finish their work, and secure to future generations the ripe fruits of sacrifice. Sir George Foster's impromptu speech was logical, convincing and eloquent. It did not receive the full and ample report in the press which it most unquestionably deserved. If the official report of the opening were sent out broadcast it would do more than anything else to clarify a lot of muddled political thinking. From now on the Union Government should fire broadside after broadside into the ranks of its opponents. The Hon. MacKenzie King, having declared war, the members of the Government must not be slow to take up the challenge. The only alternative to the present Government is the Cave of Adullam, with the Ephraimites ("Ephraim is a cake not turned") in control. We don't want that. Each member of the Union Government who really cares for the high employment of politics (and it is a noble game) should get busy and establish a reputation for sound sense and true, unselfish patriotism. It is a case of "Seize while you may; the caravan moves on."

It is possible that the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden may never again resume the reins of office. In that case a leader must be found who will inspire confidence and respect, if not enthusiasm. Born leaders are rare. They seem to come in epochs, and gather up into themselves, not only the basic instincts of the race, but its high and glorious dreams. Among all the men at present assembled at Ottawa, but two stand out with any decided conspicuousness—Sir George Foster and the Hon. Arthur Meighen, the Minister of the Interior. Sir George Foster is incomparably the best debater in parliament; and, although seventy-three, as lithe and limber as when, a mere stripling (as politicians go), he made his first speech to the delight and wonder of the House. His equipment as a parliamentarian is complete, and his profound knowledge of finance not to be held in light esteem at this perilous juncture of affairs. It is not against him that he was once a professor of political economy, but very much to the good. His voice is music; his choice of English shows that rare quality—conscience of phrase; his logic is always germane to the subject under discussion, and his vision of imperial greatness rises at times into the domain of poetry. When, years ago, the grand old motherland stood practically alone with the wolves of Europe ready to spring at her throat, he thrilled the whole Empire with the phrase, “Splendid isolation”—a phrase just re-echoed in the *January 19th Century* by Major Hurst. He deserves well of his country; and if faithful public service, complete loyalty to his party and passionate devotion to British connection count for anything the premiership should be his for the asking. To him the words in Tennyson’s immortal poem surely apply:—

“Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.”

The Hon. Arthur Meighen is of another type entirely; but his potentialities are very great; and whether he achieve the supreme distinction of the premiership in the event of Sir Robert’s resignation becoming a *fait accompli*, it is safe to say that in the future history of Canada he will play a large and, it is to be hoped, a beneficent part. His star is decidedly in the ascendant. As an administrator he is exceedingly able; as a speaker convincing and charming; in personality, lovable. His loyalty to the best traditions of the race is unquestionable, and he has a big forward look. Even his bitterest opponents respect him; and it is on record that the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier had a soft spot in his heart for his almost youthful opponent. He has, moreover, and very decidedly, a head on his shoulders, and knows precisely what he wants and how to get it. Nor has he laid meekly down under recent criticisms; but has hit back and hit hard, carrying his banner into Quebec and receiving the rare compliment of an invitation from Sir Lomer Gouin (sturdy little loyalist!) to make himself better known to them there. In the hands of either of these strong men the country

would be entirely safe, and, either in power, we could sleep safe in our beds o' night. Mr. Meighen, however, has his spurs to win. The simple truth is that this crisis has not thrown up a single personality of commanding power on either side of the House. But it is just possible Sir Robert will come back strong and invigorated, and, in that event, we may expect him to remain at the helm till the Union Government reaches, in the order of things, its logical close, or is firmly fixed in the loyalty and regard of the Canadian people.

The altercation between the Hon. Mr. Rowell and the Hon. Mr. Murphy was deplorable from every point of view. Mr. Rowell would seem to be the *bête noir* of this gentleman. He has almost become an obsession to him. The remarks of the member for Russell were malignant. In effect, he charged the member for Durham with falsehood, treachery, deceit and all manner of political uncleanness. Had Mr. Rowell been well advised he would have treated his adversary's personalities with the contempt of silence. To the charges of extravagance and corruption he had, of course, to reply specifically. Mr Rowell may or may not be what the recalcitrant and embittered die-hard Liberals, who have never forgiven, and and never will, his entrance into the Union cabinet, think him; but he is a simple, honest gentleman who acted as he did from the highest patriotic impulses, and at a great sacrifice of ancient friendships. He is not, and never can be, a politician. He is temperamentally unfitted for the game. The rough and tumble of the arena is not for him. No doubt he is sick of the strife, and would be glad to return to those quiet walks of civic usefulness where his high and sincere character is known and valued. Yet that fiery ambition which not infrequently goes with a shrinking, sensitive organism may keep him in the political field with results which only the future can determine. Cromwell's utterance in respect of a certain type of public man is always worth bearing in mind, as a warning if nothing else—"A man never goes so far as when he doesn't know where he is going." The men who drew up the Declaration of Independence had no idea of the "hell-to-leather" that would ensue from the utterance of a few simple phrases. Euthanasia of phrase is sometimes a dangerous thing. Still, it is well to remember that no legalist has ever yet created a movement.

The Hon. Mr. Biggs, with the magnificent gestures of a Napoleon, is planning hundreds of miles of provincial highways. Where is the money going to come from? How does Mr. Biggs propose to get these millions? We would suggest that the farmers, for whose especial benefit (with an eye to the next election) they are being built, pay for them by means of a front-age tax. If that were done operations would soon cease. But why should they not? The streets in the cities are all built on this plan. So far as the average country town is concerned, the farmer with his heavy teams does more mischief to the roadbed twice over than the lighter vehicles of the citizens. Yet he is not asked to pay a cent. In France they make him pay by means of the *Octroi*. Sensible people, the French!

But is this a time to build roads? Consider the question of costs. Estimates run from \$12,000 to \$20,000 a mile. Figure it out! Five hundred miles of highways at the lower figure totals six millions of dollars. What about Mr. Drury's boasted programme of economy? Does he expect to wring this sum of money from the non-rural element of the population, the vast majority of whom will never use his roads? What kind of playing fair is this? Those who use automobiles can be and ought to be taxed for the upkeep of the highways (this is done in England), but to build these roads by means of a general levy would be simply infamous. If this scheme is political in its character; devised to catch the rural vote by an appeal to rural avarice, it is the meanest, the most truly sordid device ever conceived by low political cunning. Such a grandiose scheme as the Hon. Mr. Biggs has outlined, with wages and material at normal, would be serious enough; but to proceed with it with wages and material what they are would be to court financial ruin.

If the statement made in a Toronto paper that a certain Mr. J. J. Morrison, secretary of the U.F.O., called the Hon. Mr. Drury on the carpet and took him sharply to account for his action in the matter of the proposed Massey Foundation be true, then, indeed, in the ineffable Mr. Raney's phrase, we have "a Government without a head." What has Morrison to do with the Government? Who is he, anyhow? Is this province to be governed by an outside *cabal* with headquarters on King Street East? Is this what is meant by "government without a head?" If so, then we are in, not only for selfish, vicious class legislation, but it would seem for a U.F.O. Tammany, with a certain J. J. Morrison as Grand Sachem. What do the sensible and patriotic farmers think of this new political development? We venture to put this question to their intelligence: How will a government, described by its Attorney-General as a "government without a head," be able to raise a single cent in the markets of the world? How the big, genial Taft, who graduated *magnum cum laude* at Yale, and is one of the profoundest jurists of the world, must have laughed over the phrase, "a government without a head"! But, if it is "a government without a head," it has assuredly a tail in the form of the labor *bloc*; albeit said tail has remained quiescent so far.

Professor McPhail has come and gone, leaving behind him ripples of delighted laughter among those who agreed with his analysis of the woman's movement and wrath unspeakable among those who decidedly did not. It was, indeed, a bold thing for a classicist to attempt; and that he got off in safety to the conservative island of Quebec is a tribute to his suavity. Let him beware, however; our political Junos will remember for long the insult to their beauty. "*Spretæ injuria formæ*" still has an application in human affairs.

We are not of those who profess to know anything at all about woman; nor do we desire to pry into her tender reticences. We like her shy reserves, her contradictions; her, at times, amazing surprises. She

is a mystery, divine and awful; and who but a fool would desire to understand his god? She stands for God to the most of us—she and the child. Without her there would be, there could be, no civilization whatever; for civilization is just the effort of the male to protect her and the child. All psychology breaks down at woman. She is the antithesis of every philosophical theory; because she is life—the plasm—eternal, enigmatic, taunting, alluring, baffling! and every child is a divine incarnation.

But Professor McPhail being Highland Scotch, and, therefore, a romanticist and a poet, thinks otherwise, and his conclusion is that for woman to enter politics would be to draw upon herself the curse of ugliness. There spake the Celt! They are all full of the passionate ideals of their own hearts.

“Even the slight hare-bell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.”

Have we not all thrilled over Ellen and many Ellens? What a charming world it would be if we could gain and hold this lovely, elusive creature! But, alas! there are plain women; brainy women; modern women; strident, moral-uplift women—corsetless, dressed in serviceable serge, wearing square, comfortable shoes, and some of them, with an appalling list of degrees. How now, Sir Percival? What shall we do with this new creature who knocks without? The mischief is that, with all her university and other honors thick upon her, she possesses all the other desirable things *in excelsis*. Passion, beauty and brains! What a combination!

As a matter of fact, the learned poet is wrong. If woman will deck herself in splendid garments to snare one particular, common-place man, what will not she attempt to lure ten thousand? The future political woman may easily become as fascinating as flame, and as dangerous. Ugliness? Ugliness is caused by hard work, poor fare, foul surroundings, monotony of outlook, the grey, ashen hopelessness of unrequited affection, the heart-break of emotional shipwreck. Moreover, the average woman, even in sheltered circles, to whom all politics is anathema, is ugly compared with the Cnidian Venus; and certainly the average voting male is no Antinous.

Nevertheless, the advent of Professor McPhail was of happy augury. There should be more of this sort of thing. It would do Ontario a vast amount of good to learn that there is a large, prosperous, happy community of British origin, long settled in Quebec, who are deeply loyal to the Crown and enthusiastic Quebecers. What is more, they live in perfect peace and friendliness with their Roman Catholic neighbors, and are inclined to look down upon Ontario as the abode of small-minded moral fanaticisms. To them, e.g., the O.T.A. looks like the negation of all rational liberty. There is no reason why we should not inaugurate a policy of intellectual reciprocity, not only with Quebec but with the rest of the provinces as well. To do this ought to be the settled policy of our university. At present the United States seems to have the pull.

The admirable address of Mr. Horace J. Gagne, K.C., before the Ontario Bar Association is a case in point. In a few noble sentences he made clear the deep underlying psychology of the French-Canadian.

It must have been a surprise to some of the audience to be told that the Quebecker is naturally a monarchist; that he looks to the Privy Council as the Palladium of his civil and religious rights; and that he sees clearly that British connection is the one guarantee he possesses of future racial security and justice.

It is a thousand pities that the *Bonne Entente* fell through. It will be a mournful tragedy if its avowed aim be not in time realized. It was crushed out by the war; but at bottom the idea was sound. Mr. John M. Godfrey, K.C.—big-hearted, broad-minded, a noble and unselfish public servant—had the true idea; for nothing is more certain than that if we do not live in peace and amity with our Quebec brothers, the future of Canada will be one of division and enduring racial hatreds. Who wants that? If for no other reason than for his sympathetic comprehension of Quebec and the high esteem in which he is held in that province, and in his own, he ought to be in the next parliament, or for that matter, in this. His point of view is sadly needed.

And while we are on the subject of Quebec it may be as well to state clearly and emphatically that while the people of Canada have nothing but respect and goodwill for devout Catholics, they cannot and will not admit the contention of the Quebec hierarchy that the priority and supremacy of the spiritual has an absolute divine warrant and must be allowed to prevail in case of any dispute between the secular and religious powers. Orangeism may be whatever you care to call it; but its members, on this single point, stand on granite, and have the rest of Canada behind them to a man. The whole history of the British race since the Reformation has been a record of successful struggle against priestly encroachments on the domain of government, Protestant and Catholic alike. To yield this point, and to allow that the Italian head of the Roman Church has a divine right to meddle, e.g., with our Ontario school system, at the long distance of Rome, would be to surrender our precious heritage of freedom. Quebec's rights are not imperilled—never were—but it is quite conceivable ours may be if ultramontanism finally triumph east of the Ottawa. What the citizens of Quebec freely concede to the Roman Church is their own affair; but the powers of the hierarchy stop dead at the boundaries of that province; and the sooner this is recognized by the prelates and politicians concerned the better.

It is a pity that Mr. Cannon—himself, we believe, a Protestant—should be everlastingly trying to put the Protestants in wrong. It is a simple shame; and though his tactics may, from a partizan standpoint, put him in right with his constituents, in the end it will finish him politically. Cannon should be spiked! The Irish Roman Catholics in the province of Ontario have never been unjustly treated; nor has the Protestant minority in Quebec. Why should this unseemly wrangle go on in the House to the loss of valuable time and the increase of sectional bitterness? Incidentally, it may be remarked *en passant* that as between the rabid advocate of Orangeism and the equally rabid Ultramontane, the attitude of the average fair-minded Protestant and, it is to be hoped, of the average broad-minded Catholic is, "A plague on both your houses." Belief is but the trellis up which the devout and aspiring soul climbs into the warm atmosphere of faith.

Professor Maurice Hutton is exceedingly fond of banter. Something of the sly spirit of satire which is characteristic of Horace creeps into his public utterances from time to time. The *aura* of Merton clothes him, in a young democratic country, with a certain pontifical splendor—at least among the under-graduates. The sheer weight of culture in Oxford, to be sure, crushes the individual, no matter how distinguished, into his exact place. It is a good spot for mediocrity to escape from. It is rather different in Canada. With us an Oxford degree shines like a star of the first magnitude—in fact, the farther away it is from Oxford the brighter it shines.

Clothed, then, with hieratic power, the genial professor put forth the startling thesis the other day before a hasty-pudding audience, that Gladstone and Disraeli were both humbugs. One finds oneself asking in some trepidation and alarm: Is this decision final and irrevocable? If so, the consequences to various reputations in England are bound to be most serious. It is positively ghastly to think, for example, that we must now doubt the literary acumen, nay, the very sanity, of such pundits as John Morley, Viscount Bryce, Lord Acton—to name only a few out of a list that would stretch from Dan to Beersheba. Some of us, to be sure, have “in our simple ignorance supposed” that Gladstone was a flaming meteor of righteousness, and all aglow with the noblest social visions; and that Disraeli gathered up into his single soul all the vast imperial dreams of a race impelled forward by its own extraordinarily complex psychology. We are almost ashamed even now to confess that there was a time when we agreed with the following lines from a recent article by Sir Ernest Hatch in the *January 19th Century and After*: “It is now nearly eighty years since Disraeli wrote ‘Sybil,’ a work of tremendous power, in which the wrongs of the industrial world were penned with a vivid force which no modern writer has excelled, and we are still discussing some of the problems to which he drew attention.” It would seem now, and, finally, alas! that these evaluations of the two most conspicuous political forces of their time in Britain must be given up, and the entire history of the Victorian era rewritten. The decision, no doubt, cost Professor Hutton much searching of heart; and only a sad sense of duty, we may be sure, compelled him in the end to yield to the pleadings of “the stern daughter of the voice of God.” But why, instead of divulging the awful secret to a hasty-pudding audience of good fellows in Toronto, did not he announce the final verdict of history in—Oxford?

In the same playful spirit of banter may we suggest that if Professor Hutton should pack his trunk, take shipping to the classic land of Greece (the anemones and periwinkles are now abloom!), wend his way to the slopes of Parnassus, and there invoke what, in these commercial days, is left of the Delphic Oracle, he might possibly discover the name of a third humbug. The Pythian prophetess would, of course, be lenient in view of his solid classical attainments.

There is a little too much of “Johnny in his first long pair of pants” in this “Canada—A Nation” cry. Let the pother cease! It is not even good politics; and may provoke a deep, sullen reaction from those (the

vast majority) who are determined to maintain, with their lives if need be, the most glorious confederacy of free men, in one vast union, the world has ever known. Politicians are poor guessers and bad historians; and sometimes historians are poor guessers in politics. We British live not by logic, but by loyalty; and we are not yet ready to cut the painter and forswear our allegiance to the High-Kingship—which gathers up into itself all the past glories of the race and all its mighty history. Certain recent developments to the south have but intensified our loyalty to all the ancient standards. Let politicians devise and defend policies, remembering that all policies are ephemeral; but let them beware how they meddle with those deep, racial instincts which survive all political changes.

The plain truth is that Canada became a nation at Confederation, and has been a nation ever since. Why shout about it? But she belongs to a larger confederacy, and her liberty of expression is bounded necessarily by the interests of the Empire as a whole: as the rights of the individual to complete self-expression are bounded by the same rights in others. A sorry case we would be in if England, in these critical and dangerous days, should decide to cut "the tie that binds" with a curt "Go about your business! I am sick and tired of your boastings. If you are a nation, take all a nation's responsibilities, and look to me no further!" There is not the slightest chance of the big-hearted mother doing anything of the sort, of course; but suppose she should? Apart from England, our position would be one of very grave peril. We would be the richest unappropriated prize on earth, and, as it happens, the Orient is already thundering at our eastern gates for recognition and entrance. We know what the politicians and financial interests of the United States think. The fact is, apart from England, we would be gobbled up in a trice. We might float about as a derelict for a few years, but our final fate would be annexation. In such an event the pathetic song of the exiles would be repeated in our land:—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

Is it possible that Mr. Rowell sees himself in "Time's prospective glass" as the future George Washington of Canada? Or is he just seizing upon what looks like a good means of rehabilitating a shattered political reputation? It is noticeable that none of the other members of the Cabinet are bothering their heads about the matter. He seems to be peddling his own political gim-cracks. The real truth is that the rest of us are tired of a few self-appointed disposers of Canada's destiny. What, in the "dark abysm of time," God may have in store for us we know not. Meantime, the British Empire is big enough, generous enough, free enough, and magnanimous enough to satisfy our longing souls.

Space will not permit of our dealing with Professor Wrong's remarkable letter in *The New York Times* of a recent date. We shall thresh out the whole subject in our next issue. It is a very serious question, indeed,

and may easily pass from the academic into the field of political action, and from that to a more serious climax. The real question is—and let the politicians on both sides of the House weigh it well!—If Canada is a nation in complete independence of Great Britain, how long is she likely to remain a single national unit from sea to sea? How long would Quebec remain a member of Confederation with all her guarantees suddenly torn away? What would happen in the North-West supposing, as is likely, it should fill up with American settlers? Where would British Columbia stand if Japan and China should demand unrestricted entrance? To declare ourselves a nation, as the United States, e.g., is a nation, and still look to the “weary Titan” for aid would be to proclaim ourselves ingrates and dastards. *Ego Romanus sum* was a proud boast in ancient days: “I am a British subject” is a prouder. To throw such a question as this into the political arena would be criminal.

It was an Irishman who made the witty retort at a political meeting in answer to an unseemly interruption: “When the red-hot iron of prejudice is plunged into the cold waters of truth the result is always a hiss.” We call that sort of thing “typically Irish.” Lever used wittily to contend that the reason why England was unable to govern Ireland was because the Irish were the cleverer race. In a certain superficial sense this is true, but the cleverness he had in mind is more or less true of all the Celtic races. They mistake association of ideas for ratiocination. The Anglo-Saxons are marked by the possession of certain solid qualities: doggedness, thoroughness, cold, naked courage, tenacity, truthfulness, loyalty, honor, a great love of personal liberty, a zest such as no other race possesses, for adventure and experiment. The pure Celt on the other hand (and it is the pure Celt who is giving all the trouble in Ireland), with many brilliant qualities of mind and genuine warmth of heart, is psychologically unstable. “Ever they went forth to battle and ever they were defeated,” runs the old rune. They have fought on all the battle-fields of Europe as soldiers of fortune; have founded illustrious houses abroad, like the MacMahons in France, the O'Donnells in Spain, the Taafs in Austria, and have risen to eminence in countless instances in the gentler walks of life—in every other country but their own. It is very extraordinary. So far as art, science, literature, war, politics are concerned there would seem to be a curse resting upon that unhappy land. To remain in Ireland is to remain obscure. Johnson satirically remarked that the noblest prospect in England to a Scotchman is the high-road to London. Yet Edinburgh became a literary centre of no small importance, and still holds its own as one of the intellectual fountain-heads of knowledge. Dublin University has turned out many illustrious scholars, thinkers, poets, statesmen, saints, but, save in a few instances, they all sought and found recognition abroad. Swift, falsely claimed as an Irishman, bemoaned his sad fate of exile from London to his dying day; Spencer cursed the land and people with his last breath, and Tom Moore preferred the licentious court of the “Fat Adonis” to the lovely vales and ethereal lochs, of which he never tired of singing. When he essayed an epic he selected for his subject not the cycle of “*The Red-branch Knights of Ulster*,” or the Odyssey

of Finn MacCool, but an Oriental Persia in the clouds. It would almost seem that the typical Irish Celt loves an imaginative Erin of his own heart while, at the same time, he is glad enough "to show the back of his hand," as the old Erse proverb runs, to the actual country of his birth. Even after he has made his pile he seldom cares to go back. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who writes scathingly, maliciously, and mendaciously about the British government of Ireland, prefers to play the stage-buffoon to make-believe cynics, and blasè bourgeoisie in London at a fat profit to serving his own countrymen on the spot. What is the explanation? It is, in a word, economic. Ireland is a poor country. It offers no scope whatever for a man of genius. The population is fecund, and emigration is a tragic necessity. There is no coal; wheat is a risky crop; it is singularly lean in metals; its water-powers are limited. True it has glorious scenery, a romantic history and beautiful harbors; but these are not enough to make a nation happy and prosperous. During the war the peasants of Ireland reaped a golden harvest, and are now rich, as riches in Ireland go; but the circumstances were unprecedented and may never occur again. A fat harvest throughout the world, a sudden and spectacular drop in the price of foodstuffs and Ireland would be back on her usual short commons, with only the potato and the pig between her and starvation. It must be so in a land devoid of the great basic industries. The reason why her men of genius do not stay in Ireland is because she cannot support them. No shame attaches either to her or them. It is a tragedy of nature.

There is something to be said, no doubt, for differences in psychology; yet too much may be made of this. Ireland is by no means ethnically homogeneous. It is a profound mistake to suppose so. There is probably more Celtic blood in England than in the whole of Ireland. The average Englishman is not flaxen-haired and blue-eyed. The Scandinavian type is, in fact, the exception. The root-stock of the British race is Celtic. Whole districts even to-day are dark-eyed and dark-haired. How many pure blondes can one pick out in a London crowd? The general impression left on the mind of a visitor is that the dark or Celtic type predominates in the British Isles, and this impression is borne out by statistics. There is not much difference ethnologically between the two countries. Leaving out the fabled Firbolgs and the Tuath-De-Daanan the undeniable fact is that Ireland is as much mixed up in the matter of race as England. Many of the Irish are red-headed and blue-eyed with round, ruddy faces and a pronounced prognathism; but, perhaps, the majority of Irishmen are long-faced, dark-haired and swarthy in complexion. Undoubtedly we have here the descendants of two primitive stocks. But exactly the same types are to be found in different parts of England and Scotland. Ireland to-day is an amalgam of many races—Spanish, Danish, Norman, Huguenot, Scotch, English, Manx and Welsh. Still, it is true that the romantic Celtic temperament with its high emotionalism and intense love of origins is more pronounced in Ireland than in any other country in the world—save perhaps Brittany, and Brittany is a first-cousin to Ireland and speaks an almost identical native tongue.

What is the historic origin of this anachronism of temperament? Why is it that the Irishman is so singularly uninterested in the fierce play of modern forces? Why is he eternally recurring to Emain, the capital of

the fairy world of Mr. Yeats' poetry? Why does he persist in singing hymns of adoration to the Granuaile, and brood of a golden age which in his heart, he knows can never return? Why is he forever boasting of the time when Ireland was the Athens of the Western world and the civilizer and Christianizer of the barbarians of Europe? Place two Irishmen together in a room, one from the "black North" and the other from the mild and misty South, and the chances are ten to one that they will immediately begin to argue and dispute about Strong-bow and the perfidy of Silken Thomas and the violated treaty of Limerick and the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne, and the open Bible and the Pope of Rome. Why? If it were not so terribly tragic, this constant dwelling on the past, it would be laughable. But it is because statesmen in England have never sought an answer to this question; have in fact never tried to understand sympathetically the nature of the Irish temperament, that they have failed so tragically in all their endeavors to pacify and satisfy Ireland. The average Irishman is intensely proud of the past of his race, and there is a reason for it. He stands out a rebel to the modern theory of existence; he belongs historically to a simpler and more romantic time. He is still a dreamer; still under the spell and witchery of a feudalistic conception of society. It is an alluring path to follow, but a few paragraphs must suffice to make clear the genesis and origin of what otherwise would be inexplicable to the modern mind.

We speak of England as "the right little, tight little island," but Ireland is tighter and littler. Ireland, in fact, through the centuries remained isolated and neglected while all the rest of the world was in an intellectual and spiritual ferment. She grew up a prey to successive spoilers; but just because of her complete isolation she always ended by absorbing and changing into her own likeness those who would rob her of her birthright. Isolde is the arch-seducer of history—she of the blue-black eyes, alluring smile and raven tresses. Ireland is the westernmost island; she takes the full impact of the whole western ocean, and she is separated from England by a tempestuous sea. The great movements of history scarcely touched her. Other nations achieved a refined jurisprudence: she still ordered her affairs by the ancient laws of the Brehons. The glorious movement known as the *Renaissance*, which lifted Europe almost over-night out of barbarism into a world of beauty and wisdom, threw but a few feeble waves on the coast of Erin. The Reformation, which shattered into fragments beliefs long and tenaciously held and ushered in modern democracy, scarcely caused a murmur of unrest. The world swept by; she held sorrowfully, bitterly, proudly on her way—herself unchanged, a beautiful rebel, indifferent to the surge and thunder of progress, indifferent to the rewards of science and invention, her eyes fixed sorrowfully on the past or upward "to the rest that remaineth." At this hour she is an anachronism, an enigma; to the logical modern mind a blind fury scattering the ashes of hate throughout the world.

The plain fact is, Ireland at this hour is feudalistic. She is a late-comer on the modern stage. Abstract theories of government have no charm for her; abstract equity she hates. All must be personal, emotional and of an understanding intimacy. In a dispute she does not think; she hates; in love and for a friend she gives all. She can be led, but not driven, and

she must have a leader. Well do the cunning political bosses in the United States understand this phase of her mentality. The various hideous autocracies established in the eastern cities of America all grew out of this inherited fealty to the tribal chief. Mere transplantation across the Atlantic makes no difference. Martin in Philadelphia, Fitzgerald in Boston, Flynn in Buffalo, Murphy, Croker, Hylan in New York—it is all one.

Give him a leader and lead to hell—
First at the devil's throat!
Give him a grievance and see it swell—
Beam from a tiny mote.

And there you have it!

That the present *Sinn Fein* movement grew out of the romantic literary revival inaugurated by the young protestant enthusiasts who established the Abbey St. Theatre is incontestable. Little did they dream as they wove their beautiful fancies of Deirdre and Finn and the Granuaile that they were opening the gates of hell and anarchy, but so it has proved. In a later issue *The Onlooker* will deal more specifically with this phase of the question. One curious fact may be noted, however, that, with the exception of O'Connell and Redmond, all the leaders of revolt in Ireland have been Protestants—Isaac Butt was a Protestant, so was Parnell, so was Wolfe Lane and Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Her great Captains Moore, Coote, Wellington, Roberts, Kitchener, and scores of others were all Protestants to a man and all passionate loyalists, which only deepens the enigma.

There is the clearest evidence that the deviltries that are at present taking place in Ireland are financed by the Clan-na-Gael in the United States. The majority of the Irish people in Ireland are cowering under the threat of murder, and so intimidated that it is impossible, even when the outrage takes place in open daylight, to get a jury to convict. In that unfortunate island there are always a number of young, irresponsible, lazy and dissipated hooligans ready at a moment's notice to engage in any violence for a ten-pound note. The Germans understood the situation, and worked on this vile element of the population for all they were worth. This type of Irishman has no chivalry, no honour and no shame. His asseverations of love for Ireland are a mere blind to camouflage his innate desire for robbery, rapine and murder. Years ago the same type tried precisely the same tactics in Pennsylvania, and for months carried on a reign of terror in the coal districts of that state under the name of the Molly Maguires. The best piece of work the Pinkerton Detective Agency ever did was when it exposed the whole nefarious organization. It is useless trying these wretches: they should be shot on sight like mad dogs. What is needed in Ireland at this moment is a Roman justice—sudden, stern and strong.

The leniency of the British government in the present situation towards the United States is remarkable and unprecedented. It is safe to say that if the British parliament should pass a resolution calling upon the United States to evacuate Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, San Domingo and Cuba, and should intimate that it was its intention to send separate ambassadors

to those islands, war would result in twenty-four hours. Yet what show of right has the United States to Porto Rico—to take the most glaring case of conquest. It fell to the U.S., as did the Philippines, as a spoil of war. It is held by force and must continue to be held by force. It has not even autonomy—a separate parliament. Its territorial representative has no influence. Actually, it is governed by a military despotism. “People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.”

Suppose still further, to complete the absurdity, that England should allow the natives of these conquered islands to float bonds for the ostensible purpose of buying arms and engaging in open warfare with the American republic, does any sane man suppose for a single moment that the American government would not protest? Sometimes it would seem as though all the generosity and nobleness were on the side of England, and all the injustice, ingratitude and meanness on the side of America. The overwhelming majority of decent Americans are heartily ashamed of the whole miserable business. They hate the very name of Ireland, and bitterly recognize that the same scoundrels who are turning a peaceful and lovely land into a hell would be ready, if they dared, to carry on the same tactics in the United States. And they are right. The same Irish criminals who are bringing the fair name of Ireland into contempt would betray their adopted land and inaugurate a reign of terror south of the line. The shameful exploitations of American cities by Irish bosses for the past fifty years is a clear proof of what would obtain on a large scale should these desperadoes ever gain power at Washington. The maddening part of it is that the vast majority of the Irish race are decent, kindly, law-abiding and deeply, truly pious and reverential. It is safe to say that the Senate of the United States never sank so low as when it passed a resolution to recognize the full and complete independence of Ireland. And this from the nation that fought one of the bloodiest wars of history to preserve the Union and prevent the South from seceding! The impudence of it!

The result of the voting in Temiskaming gives food for serious thought. It is, of course, a curiously mixed constituency, and not at all typical of the average Ontario county. The labor element is radical and violent, and not of an average high intelligence. Such areas exist in every country, and are by no means typical. The population of the riding in question is polyglot, and of a shifting character. This must always be the case in a mining centre. The most radical section in the United States is, probably, in and around Butte, Montana. There is a reason for this. The miners, mostly drawn from the foreign element, see before their very eyes the hidden riches of the earth in the form of gold, silver, nickel or copper brought to the surface and shipped away. Everybody talks in millions, and occasionally the reality exceeds the wildest dreams. Men become millionaires over-night through a lucky strike. The consequence is, of course, that an element of instability is introduced into the social life. No one knows how soon a mine may play out. A sudden fault, and what seemed like Golconda becomes an empty hole. There is no fixity of tenure in a mining camp; there can be none. Men are not and never can be related to the spot. They are always on the move. “To-morrow to fresh fields and

pastures new." There are undeniable exceptions to this: some mines, like the Treadwell in Alaska, the Witwatersrand in South Africa, the Rio Tinto and others seem good for an almost indeterminate life. This is true of the vast pyrrhotite deposits at Sudbury, which may yield nickel for centuries, and lucky it is for us that it is so. But, as a rule, the duration of a mining field is short. Cobalt is near the end of its term.

But what is significant in this particular election is that great national issues were completely ignored by the toilers and settlers of the community. Is this typical of the stupidity and selfishness of the time? It will be a sorry day for Canada if the working men and farmers ever adopt the motto of the Sinn Fein—"Ourselves Alone." If class domination should lead to vicious class-legislation, then "Alarum! We are betrayed!" In such an event it is easy to forecast what would take place. There would be a union of all the sane, patriotic classes of the community (including the sensible farmers and working-men), and, in the end, common-sense would triumph. It is safe to say that if organized labor in partnership with the rural radicals were ever to attain supreme power, threaten the national solidarity, and imperil our financial position by reckless class legislation, party ties would be cast to the winds, and a truly national government would come into being. We may be slowly approaching this stage. It is to be hoped for their own good that nobler counsels will prevail, and that both the farmers and the working-men will see the utter folly of attempting class domination. The truth is that in these days we must all "hang together or hang separately." The attempt to split up the community into selfish groups, each fighting for its own hand, can only lead to political chaos and, in the end, incalculable financial loss.

As a matter of fact, while the vote of the labor candidate was large, the combined total of the conservative and liberal candidates was much larger. It will always be possible for a compact group to slip their candidate in between party rivals in this way. It is quite unavoidable, and may result in the loss of many seats to both conservatives and liberals in the future. *What is wanted, not alone on the part of the members of the Union government, but on the part of the Liberal party as well, is a campaign having for its object the welfare of our common country over the predatory and selfish aims which apparently at present actuate two important elements of the population.* It will be a thousand pities if the disputes between capital and labor should be carried to the hustings, and the attempt made to force by legislative mandate what ought to come by fair and reasonable discussion. Nor can a greater calamity be conceived than that the sturdy farmers of the country (hitherto our firmest conservatives) should start out to dominate the rest of the community, and, in alliance with the wild elements of labor, stab capital to the death. The farmer, if he only realized it, is our true capitalist, and his interests are inseparably bound up with the financial interests of the country as a whole. The radical labor element seeks the destruction of all capital. The camel has already got its head in his tent. Let him beware that it does not in the end oust him from his hard-won possessions, and force him to become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the Soviet. The object of the radicals at present in control of labor is to force down prices and force up wages. Where would the farmer come in under such a theory of government?

Along comes the Hon. Mr. Doherty with a scheme to advance provincial funds to farmers for the purpose of enabling them to finance their younger sons. Apparently some members of the Cabinet are under the impression that the government is literally bursting with gold. The fact is, the Ontario Government is in a very tight hole financially, and for the first time in many years shows an actual deficit. It is easy to vote other people's money; more especially as those who engage in the pleasing pastime are cunningly aware that they will not be on the scene when the final bills come up for settlement. It is a case of "*après moi le deluge*."

But why should the rest of us be taxed to help the most prosperous members of the community to get out of doing what they should be glad to do? Have the farmers no parental obligations towards their offspring? Are they so miserably poor that they must accept charity from the rest of us? Who are buying all the farms that are being sold? Real estate dealers will tell you that it is these same farmers. What is the tale told by the county registrars? A monotonous record of mortgages discharged. Who are buying automobiles without the slightest regard to the rate of exchange? Farmers for the greater part. Ask the bankers in the rural towns as to the general bankruptcy of the agriculturists, and they will smile in your face. The fact is, the farmer was never so prosperous as at this hour, and the most of them frankly admit it. The proposal to advance funds to prosperous farmers, who are in a better position financially than the most of us, is simply infamous. The province of Ontario has no money for any such purpose. Its credit is already pledged to the hilt. Let the farmer pay to his sons the full value of their labor and the boys will not be lured to the cities, and so lost to the land forever. Many of them do, and these have no trouble on the score of help. Only a crude and selfish mind could have thought out such an expedient. The Minister of Roads and the Minister of Agriculture are, both of them, financial mad hatters. If money were to be advanced to enable farmers to get out of their God-imposed obligations, and the thoroughly vicious principle of state-aid to favored individuals thereby established, it would not be long before the laboring classes would clamor for identical consideration. In fact, there is no reason why every householder should not seek a private subsidy to enable him to finance his offspring. The Hon. Mr. Doherty may consider himself a shrewd politician in thus appealing to the avarice and cupidity of the rural community; but he may discover to his surprise that the average farmer values his integrity and independence at a higher rate, and is a nobler specimen of humanity than the political accidents who at present misrepresent him at Toronto.

The U.F.O. is a minority government. It has no warrant from the people of Ontario to plunge into vast expenditures, and pledge the provincial credit to the breaking point. The choice lay between Hearst and Dewart, and neither was popular to put it mildly. In sheer desperation tens of thousands switched to the U.F.O., with no idea that more than a dozen or so would get in; nor had the U.F.O. any such hope, or, if the truth were known, any such desire. Their success turned their heads, and they did what they will bitterly rue—they made an insincere and selfish alliance with the trade-unionists. The trade-unionists, too, will live to curse the day that they ever linked up with the farmer. They will discover

that the farmer is a shrewder man than the average labor leader, and that instead of using they will be used. In the meantime the decent people of Ontario, who in the end will be forced to pay the bills, are looking on aghast at a group of amateurs playing fast and loose with provincial finances, and plunging into engagements which will bring us all to the verge of financial ruin.

Not to be outdone by the Hon. Mr. Biggs and the Hon. Mr. Doherty, the Provincial Treasurer comes forward with a proposition to guarantee the bonds of municipalities in order to enable them to float debentures, the proceeds of which are to be used in building houses. If the credit of a municipality is gilt-edged (and if not, it should curtail and not expand its expenditures), why should the province come forward as a guarantor? Is the province to back up any and every scheme of municipal aggrandisement that may be devised by the fortuitous concourse of human atoms known as the Town Council? Why, indeed, should the province guarantee anything that is purely municipal in character? This sort of thing is ruinous to credit, and must lead to all sorts of wild-cat commitments. We hear a great deal about the city drawing men away from the farms, and it is pathetically true. But here is a government of farmers so obliging as to help provide homes in the towns and cities for the very men they are desirous of keeping on the farms. Could absurdity go further?

This tendency to use the provincial credit for anything and everything, which began with the financing of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, is thoroughly unscientific, and even vicious. The resources of the province are not illimitable. For long years, in the days of Mowat, Hardy, Ross, and even Whitney, the provincial treasurers were able to show substantial balances on the right side of the ledger. In those days we had vast areas of virgin timbers and untouched sources of revenue. The nightmare of direct taxation did not disturb our slumbers. Now all is changed. Our glorious pine limits steadily diminish in area and quality, and there has been no real attempt at reforestation. Our municipalities were able in the old sane days to float their debentures at a premium, and no one ever thought of seeking the endorsation of the provincial treasury. We have got into a thoroughly vicious circle. The theory that seems to be gaining ground is that the province should act as a sort of sponsor for all municipal undertakings. It is a grotesque theory of the functions of the state, and helps the municipality not at all; is, in fact, a grave mistake. Should the municipalities default on these bonds and the treasury be called upon to make good its signature, two courses would be open: parliament could meet the resulting deficit by a huge income tax, or seize and sell to the highest bidder the utilities of the defaulting community. The first plan would be grossly unjust to the efficient, prosperous and honest section of the population; the second would deliver the unfortunate tax-payers over to private capitalists who would have them at their mercy. It is not the business of the provincial government to infringe, even with benevolent intentions, on the sphere of municipal activity; and in no other country in the world is it done. Provincial credit is too precious a thing to be used for any such purpose. If every little town or township can run to the treasury and have its bonds vided, how long will our credit last?

The plain truth is that if this sort of thing keeps up the Hon. Howard Ferguson and Mr. Dewart, for the sake of the well-being of the province, will be forced to sink all petty differences and serve notice on Mr. Drury that, if an end be not made to these mad schemes, they will join forces and form a truly coalition government and continue it for the full life of parliament. What is wanted at the present time is economy, and all personal likes or dislikes must give way to the public good. Jockeying for political position at such a time as this is the meanest occupation in which a man can engage. Never was there such a chance for honesty in politics.

The report of Mr. Clarkson on the Hydro-Electric makes sombre reading. There are so many "ifs" in it. He has blown the froth off the mug, and what is left is rather bitter beer. What emerges is that if a check be not put on the Commission we shall be in for liabilities totalling \$105,-000,000. With the money markets of the world closed to us the additional \$65,000,000 required will have to be raised in Ontario. The Clarkson report deals with the mere superficialities of the situation. What we want to know is: What is the actual physical condition of the property at the present time? What is the total profit expressed in strict net terms, *i.e.*, after all actual and probable losses have been written off? If there has been no net profit, what is the actual deficit? What municipalities are in default, and why have they not been forced to pay up? Are the radial railways in contemplation at all necessary in view of the fact that Ontario is already oversupplied with railways? Finally, why should municipalities which receive no benefit from the Hydro-Electric be forced to contribute one cent to its upkeep?

What is wanted is not an auditor's report, but an investigation by scientific experts from the grass roots up; and, following on their finding, a drastic report on the finances by such a firm of international repute as Price, Waterhouse & Co. of London.

In a later issue of *The Onlooker* we hope to go into the whole genesis and origin of the Hydro-Electric Commission and make clear that the root of the whole trouble is that a group of three men (not one of whom has any knowledge whatever of electrical problems) are by the most outrageous law that was ever passed in the history of British legislation empowered to engage in any fresh adventure they please and practically mandamus the provincial treasury to pay the bills. The acts known as 19 Edward VII., Chapter 19 and 1st George V., Chapter 14, should never have been passed. The first, with its amendments, placed the Hydro-Electric Power Commission above the law and conferred upon them dictatorial powers, and the second took away the immemorial right of the municipality to control its own expenditure. They should be wiped off the statute book at once.

The U.F.O., headed by the Hon. Mr. Drury, has decided to destroy the last safeguard of municipal economy in this province. They will live to regret the day that they abolished the property qualification. If it was a sop to the labour element it will only serve to whet their appetites. Henceforward, we are to have power without responsibility. Reckless men, greedy for public expenditures, may be safely trusted to vote for

projects, whether wanted or not, which will have to be paid for out of the pockets of the thrifty and hard-working classes, i.e., out of the property-holding class. Not having themselves to pay they will not count the cost. The last safeguard against extravagance has disappeared. But did Mr. Drury pause to think that this may prove to be a two-edged sword? Sooner or later the present unjust representation in the House will be corrected, and what then? It is safe to say that the inhabitants of the cities, towns and villages far outnumber the farmers in this province, and when, as they will, they attain and hold power it will be but natural for them to look for an easement of intolerable burdens to the rural communities. Notwithstanding all this chatter about farmers and trade-unionists walking arm-in-arm into the new Utopia, the brutal fact is that the alliance is insincere and will not, cannot last. The farmer is a capitalist with a big C, and his natural ally is the property-holder in the city. Now, at one stroke, the U.F.O. alienates its true friends and throws all power into the hands of those who have no financial stake in the community, and who, in fact, may be but transient boarders. Could absurdity go further?

One thing we now understand, and it is good to know it: the Dewart liberals are prepared to vote with the U.F.O. They, of course, love the farmers with a pure heart fervently. For sheer loving-kindness and charity towards all things rural, without the slightest regard for what the future may hold of gain in a federal election, Mr. Dewart may be trusted to the uttermost. The sensible, solid people of the province, however, are not likely to forget this shameful betrayal of the public good, nor the wise and patriotic stand of the Conservative party. There is but one consolation: the great bulk of the new voters have no love for the farmers, and if the latter stand in the way of their desires will have no mercy upon them.

The Provincial Treasurer had a hard job. He had to acknowledge a deficit of \$1,500,000—not a pleasant fact. However, we are promised a surplus next year of quite \$3,000,000. By treating revenue from Crown lands as all to the good, enormously increasing the probate tax, and taxing the race-tracks to death, he hopes to come through with flying colors. He may, and then again, he may not. There is also a little item of \$600,000 interest from the Hydro-Electric Commission which he proposes to collect. It is quite interesting. To this particular Peter, “\$750,000 by the race-track, a simple \$750,000 is to him, and it is nothing more.” It is just possible, nay, highly probable, that the racing men of the province will “hoist him with his own petard,” and call racing off. What then? One association has just authoritatively announced that it is through. Toronto may race, if so inclined, but not Windsor. What now becomes of those farmers who have hitherto raised horses for speed and sold them at high prices? What about the \$750,000? And what about the morality of the question? Has a Holy Alliance any right to share in the wages of sin? If racing is wrong, is not it doubly wrong for pure and holy men to grab the bulk of the bets? If this is a sample of U.F.O. finance, then, as a book-keeper, the Hon. Peter Bell had better go to school.

Not by any sophistry can he, or anyone else, treat timber lands as a *perpetual* source of revenue. The thing is absurd. Every pine and spruce

tree cut down is a loss of *capital*. It takes, in our northern country, at least seventy-five years for a pine to become merchantable timber. The exhaustion of our pine and spruce lands is already in sight. We are destroying our capital every day. Had we a wise and scientific system of reforestation in effect we might then treat our Crown lands as a permanent asset; but to do so under present conditions is reckless, almost criminal, finance. What should be done is to earmark a large portion of our revenue from the sale of timber limits as a reforestation fund; then all would go well, and the balance remaining would be real revenue.

It will not do to take the revenue received from Crown lands out of the category of "current revenue" and place it to "capital account," unless the money so set aside is used to restore the devastated areas. Were this done scientifically our revenue from Crown lands would last forever. For every tree cut down a tree ought to be planted. This is done quite generally in Europe, and, in consequence, the forests there are an immense source of revenue. If this be not done, then no amount of juggling will alter the fact that our children will possess a country devoid of pine and spruce.

The real fact is that the present government is not in the true sense a ship of state, but a raft; and the mischief is that everybody's feet is in the water.

CRISPS

A gentleman is always at a disadvantage in dealing with a scoundrel.

The whole art of government is to prevent fools from governing.

The politician emphasizes policy: the statesman principle. The former feels his responsibility only to his time: the statesman to all time.

The men and women who are always howling about their rights are, as a rule, neglectful of their obvious duties.

When you face a fact, toe the mark and salute.

Socialists, Bolsheviks, moral-uplifters, and rainbow-chasers endeavor to save the world by talk; wise men and women by work and character.

The wise men always pay the bills of the fools—and sometimes of the rogues.

Politics at present consist in a conspiracy to ignore economic laws. The people generally are following a bad example.

A classic is always modern. Aristotle knocked Socialism, Anarchism Communism, Bolshevism to the ropes in his *Politics*, 2,300 years ago.

To the Public

The editor of *The Onlooker* desires to state that unsolicited manuscripts will be at once returned, if provided with stamps; and that letters on any subject will not be published.

CARMINA

BY JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

DEAD HEROES

I am one dedicated to sorrow;
I carry millions of dead men on my back;
I am but a wave of the ocean of grief
That sobs on all the shores of the world.
I think continually of the brave youths
Who went forth with flushed faces
And mad, dancing eyes,
To the blare of the trumpet and the snarl of the drum.
And I swear I can never forget them;
I shall remember them and not myself in the article of death.
They can never come back,
But are now with the shouting hilarious hosts of the sons of God.
I believe this, but I am sad.
The flowers blow in vain for them;
The moonlight falls in soft splendour,
But not on their eyes, pensive with romance and dreams.
Tides lift, and their lithe bodies no more rejoice in the pull and rip.
The streets, though surging with life and passion,
Are empty to me: the halls are empty;
And knowledge has lost its beating pulse,
And beauty its bloom,
And romance its fire.
For these—the elect—have departed to a far country,
And are one with the things they loved,
And for which they died.
But I am as one standing on a gray and desolate coast,
Watching the lessening reverberations of light;
Straining my eyes into that luminous vastness
As the last mast descends into the deep,
And, with it, all of joy.
I am one dedicated to sadness;
I carry millions of dead men on my back;
I am but a wave of the ocean of grief
That sobs on all the shores of the world.

THE WOOD FAUN

The wind is my brother;
The moon is my mothe;
The sun is the father of all.
The waters caress me;
The little leaves bless me;
My guardians—the pine trees tall!

My mirror the lake is;
My covert the brake is;
The hemlocks my bed provide.
With fur and with feather
In all kinds of weather
I sleep 'neath the welkin wide.

I call to my daughter—
The many-voiced water—
To bear me beyond the west.
She splashes and dallies
While down the white alleys
I speed on my idle quest.

The partridge my drum is;
My meerschaum my chum is;
No oboe charms like my hound.
When the storm roars its hate,
And the streams are in spate
My laughter doth most abound.

The winds all attend me;
The waters befriend me;
The sky spreads forth sheltering arms.
A thwart is my pillow;
My bed is a billow;
No wraith of the deep alarms.

I call to the plover
As lover to lover;
I whistle to timid quail.
The hare with mild eyes
Stands at pause in surprise,
And signals me with his tail.

The east is my altar;
The west wind my psalter;
My organ the tall pine trees.
The yellow bird whistles
My faith in the thistles—
'Tis: Rapture is fleeting. Seize!

ERIN

Erina, bravest of the fair,
And fairest of the brave!—
A wake, a dance, a sob, a prayer;
Rebellious to the grave!

For others, faction-cursed; thyself?
Dupe of thy love and trust!
Let other baser breeds seek pelf:
Thou'rt happy with a crust.

Dane, Saxon, Norman laid her low—
Isolde each seduced:
Each for her love struck blow an blow,
His native land traduced.

And still she stands; unearthly fire
In her dark, sea-blue eyes,
Filled with the holy, mad desire
To soar through Freedom's skies.

Subtle and secret; false and true;
Leal friend and sudden foe:
One moment caught by fancy new,
Next crushed by weight of woe.

Dear April-Child! thy radiant tears
Make rainbows in thine eyes.
Light-hearted vagabond who steers
To vague, bright paradise,

Sure, Mercury limbered up thy heels;
Puck gave that dimpling smile;
Bacchus, enamored, taught thee reels;
Venus enriched with guile.

Saint, sinner, sceptic, devotee;
Stronghold of priest and creed;
Fighter unequalled in the fray;
Doer of mighty deed.

Give him a leader and lead to hell—
First at the devil's throat!
Give him a grievance and see him swell
Beam from a tiny mote!

Passionate, headstrong, fierce and rash;
Torrent no force can stay;
Anarchist, ready all law to smash
For triumph of a day.

Never on earth shall the dreams come true,
Such as his bards divine;
Sorrow forever, tears and rue
Is mingled with his wine.

ENGLAND

England still stands four-square to all
The winds that howl and rage.
Among the champions, brave Saul,
Makes sure his heritage.

Unsleeping, vigilant and strong,
Defended by the deep;
In vain the syren sings her song,
In vain the envious creep.

Her monsters toss the waves astern;
Unended her patrol;
Swift as unerring flight of tern
They seek the farthest goal.

Her striplings full of high-bred zeal,
Duty incarnate stalk;
Unflinching 'mid the clash of steel,
Silent when rivals mock.

Inheritors of Shakespeare's brain,
Of Sydney's chivalry,
Of holy Taylor's kindling strain,
Of Bacon's subtilty;—

Through swamp and bog they take their rounds,
Across the polar snows,
And with them to the utmost bounds
The soul of England goes.

Just, truthful, full of strange reserves
In desert or 'neath palm;—
Enough that each with honor serves
The Scarlet Oriflamme.

Enough for each that with him go
Truth, reverence, freedom, right;
That, fostered by his care, men grow
In wisdom and in might.

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